

Helen of Tyre.

What phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she: it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas?

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites, that sell
Thy lilies and of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fate,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make the mine!
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn,
Are whispered words of praise,
For the faithless heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night!
O cedar, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O' tower in the midst of the seas,
With thy rats of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

—H. W. Longfellow, in *February Atlantic*.

The Great Attraction.

A YOUNG RACHELON'S REVERIE.
"Oh, charming Kitty! fair art thou,
Fair as a rose in June;
Thy hair like braided sunshine is,
Thy voice a pleasant tune.
But 'tis not for thy Beauty, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Beauty, sweet."

But thou art wise and witty too;
Thy little tongue can say
The shrewdest and the sweetest things
In such a pleasant way.
But 'tis not for thy Wisdom, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Wisdom, sweet."

And thou canst sing and dance and paint,
And chatter French and Greek,
And to the poet, priest, and sage
In his own way canst speak.
But 'tis not for thy Learning, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Learning, sweet."

Thou art so amiable and true,
Thy temper is so mild,
So humble and obedient, too,
Love guides thee like a child.
But not for thy good Temper, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy Temper, sweet."

Not for thy Beauty or thy Youth,
Nor for thy Heart's rich store,
Not for thy sunny Temper's truth,
Thy Wisdom, Wit, or Love,
I love thee, sweet; such things are trash;
I love thy hundred thousand Cash—
Thy \$100,000 Cash!

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

"And you really fancy yourself in love with this fair haired little shop-girl?"

Mr. Meredith, a tall, noble featured man of 40, looked rather sadly at his enthusiastic young nephew.

"Fancy, uncle! that is hardly an appropriate word to use. I am quite certain of the fact."

"I suppose you will think me a bad judge of human character, if I tell you I like her little cousin's demure face the best. Believe me, Harry, there is more real stamina in Ruth Durr than in her pretty cousin Rachel."

"There, sir," answered Harry resolutely, "is where I must beg to differ from you."

"Well, my boy, you must choose for yourself. Remember, it is no question of a partner for a waltz, or a pair of bright eyes whose glitter is to amaze you for one or two evenings. The woman whom you now select for a wife must necessarily exert a more or less potent influence over your entire life."

"I know it, sir," and Harry's mirthful face became for a moment almost grave.

"That she makes her own living behind the counter of a fancy store—that they both do—is no drawback in my eyes. Independence and self-reliance are to me cardinal virtues, and even though she will be raised into an atmosphere of comparative wealth, a few lessons beforehand in the impartial school of worldly experience will be of incalculable use to her."

Harry Meredith sat alone that night before his snug, bright fire in his cozy little bachelor apartment, musing over his uncle's words.

He had met the two cousins, Rachel and Ruth Durr, at a quiet little birthday gathering at the house of a friend, and had instantaneously felt drawn toward the older one—elder by eighteen months. She was a beautiful blonde, while the other was of rather a brunette type.

During the three months that had followed upon his first introduction, Harry Meredith had contrived to see the cousins several times a week, and consequently fell deeper in love with the golden-haired lassie, even while he was quite conscious of Ruth's deeper character and stronger intellect.

Sometimes he was almost tempted to waver in his allegiance to the elder, and then he took himself with very unnecessary sternness to task for his inconstancy.

To-night, however, he passed the whole of the last few weeks in review before his memory, and decided that in

action was the very worst policy in the world.

"This suspense must be put to an end," ejaculated our hero, half aloud, and then he smiled mischievously to himself as a bright idea came into his mind.

"I'll do it," he thought, biting his lips. "Of course it's merely for the fun of the thing. I have not the shadow of a doubt that she seems, but still—"

He was silent for a few moments, and then he rose to prepare for slumber. "They are as polite to me as the favorite child of luxury. Now I will take measures to learn whether that courtesy is genuinely from the heart, or merely born of empty form and adulation of wealth."

So our hero, laying his head on his pillow, dreamed of private masquerade parties all night long.

Rachel Durr and her cousin Ruth were shop girls in Saver & St. Clair's great fancy store.

"Oh, dear," sighed Rachel one morning as she took off her bonnet in the little dressing-room at the back of the store and shook down her golden shower of curls, "how tired I am of this horrid drudgery! How I wish Harry Meredith would propose if he is going to!"

Ruth laughed as she smoothed down her satin brown hair and tied the bow of crimson ribbon at her throat.

"And what do you think of me, Rachel—I who have no such brilliant hopes of matrimony to light up the monotony of my daily toil?"

"I don't see how you bear it so patiently. I should die with vexation and ennui if I did not hope for something better."

"Hush!" said Ruth; "there is Mrs. Wickles, the forewoman, calling us."

"How I hate the old vixen!" Rachel ejaculated, slowly following Ruth into the store.

"Really, Miss Rachel Durr, you must manage to be a little more punctual," said Mrs. Wickles, pursing up her mouth primly. "You are full five minutes behind time, and it was just so yesterday."

Rachel pouted and went to work labeling a box of newly arrived ribbons. She and Mrs. Wickles had never agreed very harmoniously nor did she affiliate with the shop girls. "A stuck-up impertinent thing," they called her; while she from the serene height of the possibility of some day becoming Mrs. Meredith treated them with a disdain which was any thing but agreeable.

In vain were Ruth's remonstrances. Rachel had always been willful and inclined to superciliousness, nor would she listen to her cousin's mildly proffered advice.

"It's all very well for you, Ruth; you have got to spend all your days here, but," she said, curling her pretty lips, "I shall soon be lifted out of this groveling sphere."

"It is by no means a certainty," "Yes, it is," laughingly answered Rachel, blushing like a damask rose.

And Ruth would sigh softly, and think how bright the future was unfolding its vast map before her pretty cousin.

Rachel Durr waited languidly upon one or two customers that morning. Evidently her heart was not in her work, and Mrs. Wickles—from her lurking-place behind the cash-box—cast several envenomed glances at her, premonitory of a coming storm.

Presently a new customer hobbled in, bent and crooked, and made his way directly to the counter where Rachel and Ruth were standing.

A huge cotton umbrella protruded in a warlike manner from beneath his arm, and mended cotton gloves covered his hands, while a rusty red wig was half concealed by his battered and bent hat.

"My goodness, what a figure!" ejaculated Rachel, in a very audible voice. "What can the old bundle of clothing want here, anyhow?"

"Hush," said Ruth, sternly; "he will hear you."

"And what if he does? What do I care?"

"He is old and infirm, Rachel, and his age should render him sacred in your eyes."

Rachel tossed her head, sneeringly. "Ruth, you are too absurd for any thing. I won't wait on him."

But the old man steered resolutely for Rachel herself.

"I want to buy some gloves, miss," he said, in a feeble, croaking voice.

"You'd better go somewhere else," said the young lady, superciliously; "Our store doesn't keep cheap goods."

"How much are these?" "A dollar a pair."

"But I am poor, miss; have you nothing cheaper?"

"No," snapped Rachel. "I told you to go elsewhere; I have no patience with paupers."

"I beg your pardon, miss; I am not a pauper," said the old man.

"Well," observed the girl, scornfully, "you look like one."

"Appearances are often deceitful. Did you tell me you had cheaper gloves?"

"I didn't tell you any such thing."

"Rachel, Rachel!" remonstrated her cousin. "Let me show you what you want, sir," she said softly, turning to the aged customer. "We have some very nice gloves for seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents is a great deal of money to pay for a pair of gloves," said

the old man, looking sorrowfully down on the mended fingers of those he wore, "and the weather is getting frosty, and I'm not so young as I was."

"I should think that was quite evident," said Rachel, with a heartless titter.

Ruth bent toward the old man, saying in a low voice:

"Take the warm, worsted gloves, sir. The price is seventy-five cents, but you shall have them for fifty. I myself will make up the difference to the store. You are an old gentleman, and I am young and able to work."

"But I am nothing to you, miss."

Ruth folded the gloves neatly in a piece of paper and handed them to him.

"For the sake of the dear father who died a year ago, old age can never be nothing to me, sir. Please don't thank me, sir; I deserve no gratitude."

And Ruth drew blushing back, while Rachel burst into a scornful laugh.

"Upon my word, Ruth, you are the greatest fool I ever saw," she cried, as the old gentleman hobbled out of the store.

"I would have seen the old beggar in Jericho before I would give him any thing. Why doesn't he go to the poor-house?"

The days crept on and one day Mr. Harry Meredith astonished little Ruth Durr very much by asking her to be his wife.

It was as if the gates of Paradise had been suddenly opened to her—the modest little girl secretly worshipping Harry Meredith in her heart of hearts had never dreamed of such luck in store for her.

That evening she told her cousin. Rachel listened in silence. The prize had been near her grasp once, but somehow had slipped away.

"I think you must be mistaken, Ruth," she said, acrimoniously. "I think Mr. Meredith never would—"

She checked herself, for at that instant the door opened and Harry Meredith was announced.

"Well, Rachel," he said pleasantly, "are you ready to congratulate me upon the sweet little wife that I have won?"

Rachel muttered one or two formal sentences, but she was very pale. Meredith observed her with a smile.

"Ruth," he said, turning with a loving look, "I have something to show you."

He put a tiny parcel into her hand. She opened it, when out fell a pair of worsted gloves. She looked wistfully into his face; then the whole tide of memory came back.

"Harry, were you the old man?"

"I was the old man, my dearest."

Then Rachel knew why it was that the ship, freighted with all her hopes, had drifted away, when it was so near the haven.

A Divinity of Fashion.

If you want a realization of that much-talked-of quality, "style," just go to Worth's and ask for "Miss Mary."

An English brunette will respond to your summons—a brunette with large blue eyes and a slender figure and a mien of blended reserve and dignity. She will take your orders with the air of a Queen, and will move to execute them with the step of a Duchess. She is the very incarnation of style; that mysterious quality is so diffused throughout her being, from the summit of her dark-tressed head down to the tip of her shapely slipper. Were she clad in a tow bag, fastened around her waist with a hempen cord, she would impart to that garb a subtle air of elegance. She is always arrayed in some one of the latest creations of the presiding divinity, and whatever it may be she looks well in it. Her smooth, pale complexion defies the effects of color, and she can wear pale green or golden yellow with equal impunity. Ruffs can not deform her throat, and puffed sleeves are powerless to impart an ungraceful carriage to her arms. She moves in a tie-back like a swan, and carries a train with the unconscious ease of a mermaid. She is never flustered, or put out, or impatient, or familiar. Stout matrons and skinny maidens, beholding the charm and grace of her appearance, ascribe it all to her gown, whereof they straightway order duplicates, making gowns of themselves in the process. She is the worthy Prime Minister to the acknowledged King of Fashion.—*Letter from Paris.*

The Tasmanians carry as necklaces fragments of the bones of their relatives; and it is stated that the widows among the Andaman Islanders actually wear the skulls of their late husbands upon their shoulders. Prof. Flower, in a recent lecture on Ethnology at the Royal College of Surgeons, showed the skull of an Andamane man, to which was attached a very elegant webbed sling by which it had been suspended from the neck of the widow.

JOHN TOMPKINS, reduced from wealth to poverty, at Newport, R. I., sat down in a chair with the intention of staying there until he starved to death. He had been without food seven days when discovered.

The greatest compliment you can pay a man is to call him "an advanced thinker." It beats the title of "General" all out of sight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A ROCKING-CHAIR is just as necessary to a woman's comfort as a mantel-piece or window-sill is to a man's.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.

Dr. LAMBERT says that cranberries, with their malic and citric acid, are good for those living in malarious places. Cranberry jelly he especially recommends, as the seeds and skins irritate a weak alimentary canal.

ONE of the best chest-protectors on a cold, blustering day, when one is riding, is a newspaper folded so as to have three or four thicknesses and placed over the chest and buttoned under the overcoat, cloak or sacque.

DRIED mullein leaves are said to be an excellent remedy for catarrh. Dry them first in the sun, then by the fire; powder fine; put in a clean clay pipe and smoke, blowing the same through the nostrils, but being careful not to swallow into the lungs.

FOR POISONS.—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly a half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it. This vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach. But, for fear some of the poison may remain, swallow the white of one or two eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee—these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any other dozen of articles known, with the advantage of their being always on hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil, lamp oil, drippings, melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

CAUSE OF WHOOPING COUGH.—A paper recently read before the New York Academy of Science, by Dr. H. A. Mott, holds that much of the mortality among children from whooping cough is attributable to the prevalent faulty belief that it will be much worse for the child if the disease is broken up. The disease is now known to be caused by a fungoid growth, which begins under the tongue, and spreads backward to the throat and lungs, the spores requiring from 9 to 15 days to develop. When the fungus enters the bronchial tubes, most alarming complications arise. It is, then, best to kill the fungus in its earliest stage; there would then seldom be any trouble from bronchitis, cholera infantum, or cerebral difficulties. Quinine, just after a coughing spell, and before retiring for the night, is the best remedy.

FOR WEAK EYES.—A simple remedy for weak or sore eyes is recommended, as follows: Get a five-cent cake of elder flowers at the druggist's, and steep in one gill of soft water. It must be steeped in bright tin or earthenware; strain nicely, and then add three drops of lanolin; bottle it tight and keep in a cool place; then use it as a wash, letting some of it get in the eyes. Follow this, and relief is certain. If the eyes are painful or much sore, make small, soft compresses, wet in the mixture, and bind over the eyes at night. If the eyes are badly inflamed use it very freely; and a tea made of elder flowers, and drunk, will help cleanse the blood. Pure rock salt and water will strengthen your weak eyes if you bathe them in it. I would earnestly advise you to avoid mixtures or washes containing mineral or other poisons.—*Physician.*

FOOD FOR FAT PEOPLE.—If any reader is growing too fat for comfort, he may, possibly, find the following suggestions valuable: There are three classes of food, the oils, sweets and starches, the special office of which is to support the animal heat and produce fat, having little or no influence in promoting strength of muscle or endurance. If the fat, therefore, would use less fat and more of lean meats, fish and fowl, less of fine flour and more of the whole products of the grains—except the hulls—less of the sweets, particularly in warm weather, and more of the fruit acids in a mild form, as in the apple, sleep less, be less indolent and labor more in the open air, the fat would disappear, to a certain extent at least, with no loss of real health. In food we have almost a perfect control of this matter, far better than we can have in the use of drugs. If we have too much fat and too little muscle, we have simply to use less of the fat-forming elements and more of the muscle food, such as lean meats, fish and fowl, and the darker portions of the grains, etc., with peas and beans.—*Medical Journal.*

RULES FOR WINTER.—Never lean with the back upon any thing that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air. Keep the back—especially between the shoulder blades—well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always toast them by a fire ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases. After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life. When hoarse, speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. Merely warm the throat by a

HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. ROSE McMAHON, aged 100 years, has just died at Dubuque, Iowa. She was the oldest woman in the State.

Mr. S. G. GREGORY of Albany, N. Y., announces that he will have ready in 60 days a flying machine, with which he will make a trial-trip to London, England, going at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

AFTER the ceremony had been performed at a Fall River (Mass.) wedding, a former husband of the bride presented himself. He had been away four years, and she had supposed herself a widow. He offered to leave her to the new husband, if she would give him her child, and she closed the bargain on that basis.

The system of hotel fees to menials, says an exchange, had its origin in a semi-barbaric age, when none save the wealthy and aristocratic traveled far from home, and when royalty and aristocracy gave, not only to those who served them wherever they stopped, but flung alms to the poor on the highway.

OVERLIN, O., is in a high state of excitement on account of the discovery that the use of tobacco is increasing among the college students there. The rumor that a new cigar and tobacco store is to be established has produced great indignation, which has expressed itself in mass-meetings, where resolutions hostile to the traffic were passed.

The folly of the existing system of Indian management, remarks the New York (R. I.) News, "is seen on a small scale in the persistent keeping up of a separate nationality in Rhode Island, where we have a tribe of Narragansetts with not a single Narragansett Indian in it."

A Boston druggist's blunder has nearly cost a lady her life. Having a prescription for compounding three herbs, he got two of them wrong. One was for gumoli, or hops, for which he substituted what he supposed to be hamamelis root, but which, upon investigation, proved to be aconite root.

THE Ute chiefs now in Washington are said to paint their faces carefully every morning, thereafter strutting to and fro on the street exhibiting their charms of color. As for Ouray's wife, she spends her time at the window observing the dresses of the ladies who pass, and has been making divers ineffectual attempts to arrange her green blanket gracefully as a trained skirt.

THERE is in the "archives" of Mr. A. B. Hull of Danbury, Conn., an old flintlock shooting-iron that was carried by his father in the Revolutionary War and with which he fooled a Tory by poking it up from behind a rock to draw his fire and then killing him. It would appear that the Tory drew a fine bead, as the bullet from his "fowling-piece" struck the flint lock and has since remained imbedded therein.

A SHOWMAN from the United States purchased a circus that was on a tour in Mexico, and substituted the stars-and-stripes for the Mexican flag that had been flying from the tent-pole. This was in Chihuahua, where the hatred of this country is intense. A mob undertook to haul down the new flag, but the manager and his performers drove them off. That night a regiment of local soldiery demolished the whole show, and the company were compelled to fly for their lives.

THE soothing influence of music when applied to the savage breast was illustrated by a recent event in Washington. The other day, it is related, the whole party of braves gathered at the window to witness the strange sight of an itinerant organ-grinder. The musician was finally induced by the offer of several pennies to go into the yard of the hotel and serenade the aborigines. As soon as he began to turn the crank it was too much for Indian blood, and a retreat from the window followed. Headed by Jack, the party silently filed down stairs, out through the kitchen into the yard, and scrutinized the wonderful thing. After giving them an hour of unalloyed pleasure, the grinder, becoming weary, was forced to desist, and the Indians returned to their room. The music had done its work, however, for when they got up stairs a series of dances were indulged in which would have made a song and dance man turn pale with envy.

A PAINFUL revelation was made the other day in a New York court, when some twenty or more children belonging to the so-called "Shepherd's Fold," were brought into the room by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and represented as being the victims of a sham charity, which, under the pretense of caring for poor and helpless little ones, secured the aid of the benevolent without stint, and cruelly abused the trust confided to its charge. The warrant upon which these children were brought into court states all the material facts going to show that the Shepherd's Fold had no servants or attendants of any kind; that the children were compelled to perform all the domestic and manual labor of the household; that the ordinary rules of cleanliness were neglected; that the children were in a filthy condition; that they failed to receive proper instruction or medical attendance; that there was no place to care for them when sick; that they were not furnished with proper food, but only such as was unfit and that was calculated to produce sickness, disease, and starvation.

fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to the cold wind.—*Exchange.*

An Old English Town and Its Antiquated Inn.

In Chester I had my first glimpse of the genuine old England. I entered the city through a gateway; I beheld a walled city, although great and increasing mobs of modern houses now stray outside the ancient boundaries. Twice I made the circuit of its ancient walls, and then my legs, already fatigued by the previous walk, refused to bear or tolerate such pedestrian sentiment any longer. But it was such a luxury to find one's self on the real walls of a city, walls on which had stood warriors in armor, with spears and crossbows, trying to murder other armed men below or trying to escape from being murdered. I supped at a kitchen. It occupied the front room of a humble house. In the window were sundry cold cuts of meat; in the interior three small, round tables, a cheery coal fire, a big singing teakettle, and a cat reposing and meditating, as cats love to repose and meditate, by the fire. Overhead were racks, and on these unbaked oatmeal cakes and pendent slices of bacon. On the walls hung pots, pans, broilers, ladders and every variety of kitchen utensil, some of copper, some of tin, all brightly scoured. On shelves the entire force of crockery belonging to this cozy inn seemed displayed on dress parade. Not an inch of space on those four walls was vacant. It was a culinary and domestic bric-a-brac show, and not one newly bought to order. The platters spoke of feasts when men wore wigs and knee-breeches. Over all presided a little Dame Hubbardish old lady in cap and kerchief. The material portion of my meal consisted of eggs, bacon, toast and tea, prepared before my eyes by Dame Hubbard, the cat looking on approvingly. But equally refreshing was the cozy, comfortable influence of this kitchen, so domestic, so old-fashioned, so old-world-like, so new and yet so natural—something I had longed for—so free from the hurly-burly clatter, clash, din and heartlessness of our American hotels and restaurants, where culinary fiends of all countries down in the infernal regions of cookery, roast and boil and broil, cursing and perspiring for people they see not nor care for seeing; so different from Dame Hubbard of the Chester inn, who seemed to take an interest in my comfort so soon as I gave my order, and prepared it with the air and manner of preparing it for me exclusively. Such a meal is doubly blessed, and all for a shilling! After which I once more mounted the walls and paced them till dark. The promenade was admirable, the outer bulwark being about waist-high, the walls rising from ten to forty feet from the ground, and affording a fine view of green hill, dale and plain below. In places the cottage doors opened directly on this mural walk. Many couples were out enjoying the beautiful twilight, and the English twilight, prolonged in midsummer till half-past 9, is a feature and a privilege which can hardly be realized in the United States, where our orb, with a business-like promptness in accordance with the habits of the people, puts itself punctually out at 8 o'clock and calls for gas. I slept that night at the Red Dragon Inn. I selected this inn partly on account of its name, partly by reason of its antiquated appearance. I wanted to sleep in a house having on it the mold and rust of centuries, and full within of the dust of ages. The Red Dragon came pretty nearly up to my standard of antiquarian requirement, which at that time was high. Before leaving England I could sleep comfortably in a house only 100 years old; but at this time, on having any choice, I drew the line at 200.—*C. W. Stoddard, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Now Save the Rags.

The most noticeable, perhaps, of all the advances during the late "boom" has been in the price of rags, which have more than doubled in value, and are now worth three cents and a half per pound. At this price, and even at much less, it will pay to save them and sell them. The same is true of old paper of nearly every kind, as by cleaning they are reconverted into white paper by the manufacturers.

In consequence of the scarcity of rags and old paper, the price of "print," or paper for news purposes, has gone up from six and a half to ten cents at wholesale. If this price keeps up, there will be a general rise in the subscription price, as has indeed in many instances already occurred.

Almost any family can make enough in a year by selling rags and old paper to pay for all their reading matter.

THE British Museum has acquired about 1,000 more tablets and fragments of inscribed terra-cotta documents from Babylon. Among them is a tablet of Samsu-irba, a Babylonian monarch hitherto unknown, who probably lived about the time of Bardes, and was one of the intermediate rulers between Cambyses and Darius, B. C. 518. Another fragment has a representation of one of the gates of Babylon.